

“Dingledown Factory, Birmingham.”

“Date and place of Alivening?”

“This afternoon,” said the Christmas Pig, “in the Pendleton Toy Shop.”

“And they’ve lost you already? Tut-tut,” said the corkscrew. He examined a long list in front of him. “Christmas, Christmas, Christmas, Christmas . . . ah yes, here you are. Christmas Pig . . . Oh dear, nobody seems to like you very much, do they?”

“I’m a Replacement,” said the Christmas Pig.

“Ah,” said the corkscrew with a smirk, twisting in his chair. “Yes. Replacements sometimes work out and sometimes not. In your case, I see it’s ‘not.’ But you’re still brand-new, so if anyone finds you, they’ll probably find a use for you. Charity shop, I expect. Wooden door.”

So the Christmas Pig hurried to join Jack’s group beside the wooden door, which now swung open.



HORSEY THINGS

An icy blast of air hit them as they walked outside. To Jack's surprise, because it had been night when he'd left the Land of the Living, the sun was only just setting outside the warehouse. Snow was falling from a strange sky, which looked as though it was made of painted wood, though it was far, far higher than any ceiling in the Land of the Living. Jack could see a few distant finding holes in the wooden sky, but not nearly as many as there'd been in the ceiling of Mislaid.

The land all around them was bleak and empty: a stony wasteland, which stretched away into the distance, with only clumps of thistles growing there. Between the barren ground and the swirling snow, it was the most unwelcoming place Jack had ever seen.

He glanced over his shoulder at the wall of Mislaid and saw to his amazement that the door they'd just come through had vanished. And then it struck him that there was no way back now, unless he found DP. He was starting to fear that the Land of the Lost was even stranger and more complicated than he'd first thought. For instance, what would the Things who'd gone through the other doors see when they got to the other side? And most importantly: which door had DP gone through?

Then Jack heard the sound of hooves. He and the rest of the group—who apart from the comb and the battery included a little plastic ruler, an eraser in the shape of a panda, some shoelaces, and a pair of chopsticks—turned to see a number of horse-shaped Things approaching. There were plastic ponies, a cuddly pink unicorn, a pottery cart horse, and largest of the lot, a big wicker donkey carrying baskets of plastic fruit on either side of its saddle. At the head of all these different Things rode another Loss Adjuster: a pair of kitchen scissors wearing two black hats, one for each of his handles. He was mounted, ends downward, on a wooden horse with squeaky wheels.

“Hurry up, get on!” snapped the scissors. “No!” he added sharply to Jack and the Christmas Pig, who were headed toward two of the plastic ponies. “You’re the biggest. You can share the donkey.”

So Jack and the Christmas Pig clambered onto the donkey, which gave a groan and said, “Mind my wicker. It *can* snap, you know.”

Most of the other Things had great difficulty mounting their horses. The comb, the battery, the ruler, and the chopsticks kept sliding off, and the scissors ended up instructing the shoelaces to tie them on.

Just as everybody had successfully mounted, a wailing Klaxon sounded from behind the wall of Mislaid.

“Oh dear,” said Scissors, startled. “That’s not good.”

“What does it mean?” asked the comb, sounding panicked.

"It means," said Scissors, "that some Thing is where it shouldn't be."

Jack and the Christmas Pig exchanged worried looks. Jack was sure the Christmas Pig was thinking the same as him: somehow, the Loss Adjusters knew Jack was there, even though he'd avoided questioning.

"Will the Loser come?" whispered the ruler, who was trembling.

"Maybe," said the scissors. "If a Thing's disobeyed the rules, the Loser'll want to catch 'em and eat 'em. You disobey the rules, you become Surplus, and Surplus gets eaten, always has, always will. That's the law."

Scissors cast a sharp look over the group of Things on their horses. "You've all been Allocated right and proper, haven't you?" he asked.

They all nodded and said yes.

Scissors kicked his wooden horse on. Its squeaky wheels began to turn, and all of them set off along a snowy trail that led around the outskirts of the wasteland.

"Well, if you're lying, we'll find out soon enough," said Scissors in a grim voice.



THE WICKER DONKEY

Why is it still daytime?" Jack whispered to the Christmas Pig as they set off, the wicker donkey creaking as it walked. "It was dark when we left my bedroom."

"Time's different in the Land of the Lost," the Christmas Pig whispered back. "They say an hour in the Land of the Living is a whole day in the Land of the Lost."

The snow fell thickly and soon the shoulders of Jack's pajamas were cold and wet, although that didn't worry him nearly as much as the possibility that the Loser was about to loom out of the darkness. However,

nothing happened except that the battery slipped a little on her plastic pony, and the shoelaces binding her on had to tighten themselves.

Even though the sky had that oddly painted appearance, it slowly darkened as they rode around the edge of the wasteland. Soon, night had fallen. Jack only knew that Scissors was still leading them because he could hear the squeak of his horse's wheels. Jack whispered to the Christmas Pig, "Where d'you think they're taking us?"

"I don't know," said the Christmas Pig, "but we'll obey orders for now. All the Things I've ever known have told me that breaking the Loser's laws is the quickest way to get eaten. He lives out there," the Christmas Pig added, pointing one of his trotters at the wide stony wasteland. "That's the Wastes of the Unlamented."

"What does 'Unlamented' mean?" asked Jack.

"It means no human cares you've gone," said the Christmas Pig, staring out over the bleak landscape. "It's where Surplus goes—Things that are unloved and unwanted and useless. They don't get any shelter. They just roam around on the Wastes, until the Loser catches them."

"Well, DP *definitely* can't be on the Wastes," said Jack. "He's more loved and wanted than anything down here, I expect."

"No, he can't be out there," agreed the Christmas Pig, looking away from the Wastes at the dirt track ahead. "If we're lucky, he'll be wherever we're going. It must be a place for cheap Things, by the looks of this group."

"DP isn't cheap," said Jack at once. "He's very valuable."

"He's valuable to *you*, but we pigs aren't expensive," said the Christmas Pig. "I only hope nobody thinks it's strange when his identical twin turns up."

"Oh, don't worry about that," said Jack. "You don't look anything like DP. He's a different color. His eyes have fallen out and he's got buttons

instead. His ears are wonky and he smells better.”

Their wicker donkey creaked and swayed. The battery whimpered as she slid sideways off her pony yet again, and the shoelaces gripped her even more tightly.

“What d’you mean, he smells better?” asked the Christmas Pig.

“I don’t know—he smells like DP, that’s all.”

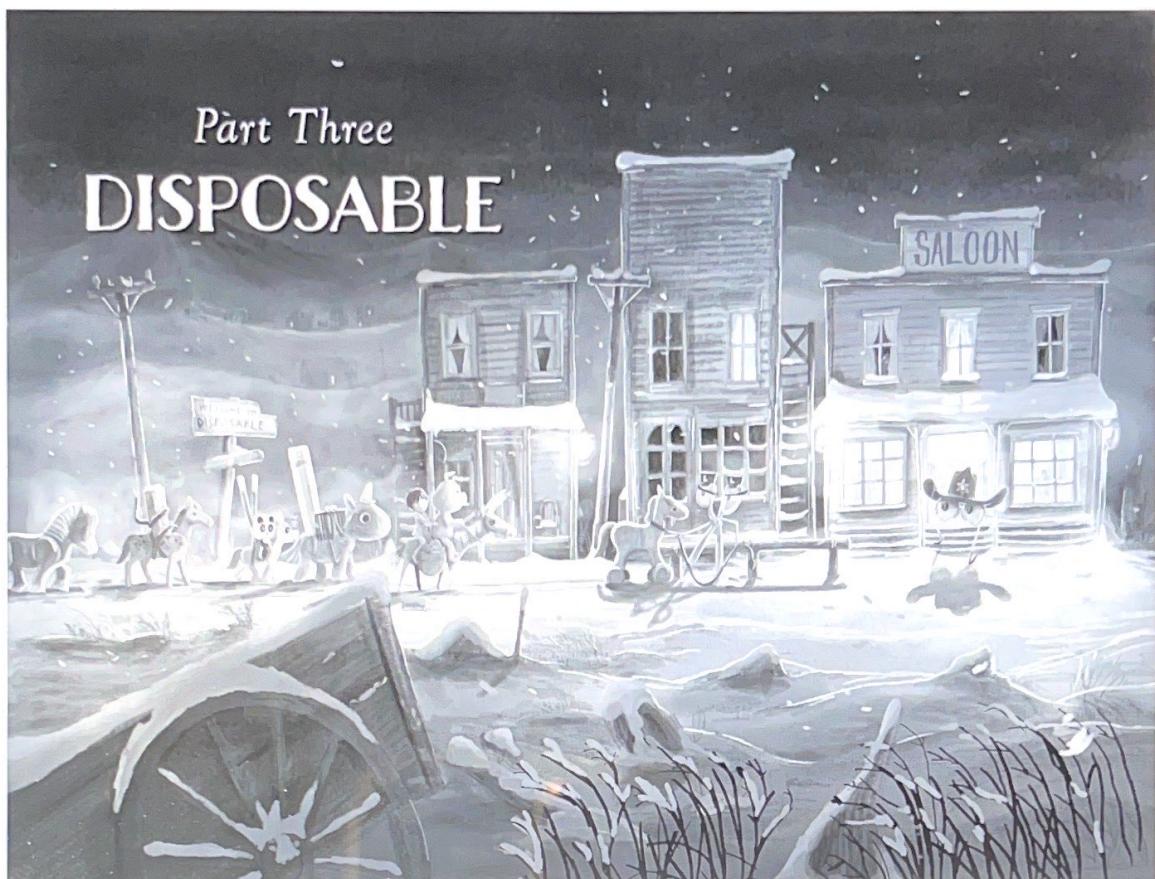
“And how do I smell?” asked the Christmas Pig.

“Of toy shop and carpet,” said Jack. “It’s a nothing-smell.”

“Thanks very much,” said the Christmas Pig.

After that there was silence except for the clip-clop of pottery and plastic hooves, the creaking of the wicker donkey, and the squeaking of the wheels on Scissors’s horse. At last, Scissors shouted, “Welcome home!”

Out of the darkness loomed a battered wooden sign on which was written in flaky paint: WELCOME TO DISPOSABLE.





DISPOSABLE

Oh no—oh no—the shame of it!” cried Comb. “We’re disposable!”

“Not complaining, are you?” said Scissors in a menacing voice. “Because at least you’re getting a roof over your head. There’s plenty that don’t. If you’d rather be Surplus, it could be arranged!”

“No,” whispered Comb, terrified, “I wouldn’t rather be Surplus.”

“Stop your whining, then,” snapped Scissors.

The town they’d just entered was comprised of low wooden buildings, all of which looked drafty and flimsy. A few feeble lanterns lit the snowy street. Scissors led the group to a hitching post, where he dismounted, tied up all their mounts, and set the battery, the comb, the ruler, and the chopsticks free.

"Howdy!" said a cheery voice behind them, and everybody turned around to see a pair of spectacles bouncing out of a building with swing doors that was labeled SALOON. Spectacles was wearing a black Stetson with an "L" on it, and looked far friendlier than any Loss Adjuster they'd met so far.

"Good to see you, friends!" he cried, beaming, his nose pads flapping like a big mustache. "I'm Sheriff Specs! Say, Scissors: we heard a rumor that the Klaxon went off in Mislaid an hour ago. Is it true?"

"It's true, all right," said Scissors. "Some Thing's where it shouldn't be."

"Bless my hinges, that'll mean trouble!" said Specs anxiously. He pulled a ragged duster out of thin air, wiped his lenses, then made it magically disappear again while peering more closely at the group. "All righty, I'll take these folks inside and give 'em the introduction. Have a shot of lubricant before you head off, Scissors?"

"No time," said Scissors.

"But you might freeze up, riding back in these conditions."

"Hmm . . . you've got a point," said Scissors, now looking toward the saloon.

"And you've got two!" said the sheriff, roaring heartily at his own joke. "Get it? Get it?"

He looked hopefully around at the group. Nobody laughed. Comb sniffed.

"Follow me, then, folks!" said Specs, and he led the way into the saloon. Scissors followed, right behind Jack. It made the back of Jack's neck prickle to hear his sharp points hitting the ground.

The bar was lit by a single flickering oil lamp. Moth-eaten velvet curtains hung at the windows, and the wooden floorboards were stained. An old gardening glove was playing a mournful tune on a toy piano in

the corner. In the ceiling was another finding hole, and right below it, taking up two seats, was an old tin lunch box.

"That there's Fingers, at the piano," said Specs, and Fingers the glove waved her thumb and went back to playing her sad tune, "and that there's LUNCHY, sitting 'neath the finding hole."

The lunch box didn't say anything, but kept staring up at the dark hole in the ceiling, as though she could will a beam of golden light to appear and take her back to the Land of the Living. Jack couldn't blame her for wanting to leave this gloomy room. He looked around to see whether DP was sitting in one of the shadowy corners, but he wasn't there. Perhaps, Jack thought, he was asleep in one of the ramshackle houses they'd passed outside. He was wondering how soon he'd be able to sneak out to look, when Specs said, "All righty, then, why don't we all draw up a chair and get cozy?"

They all sat down. The draft coming through the swing doors was icy cold and Jack was now doing his best not to shiver. He wished he'd done what the Christmas Pig had suggested back in his bedroom, and brought a hoodie and some shoes, although he wasn't going to tell the pig that.

"So, welcome to Disposable!" said the sheriff. "We ain't got much in this town, but what we've got, we share! Now, I understand"—he glanced at the sniffing comb—"some of you ain't too happy to be here —"

"How could *any* Thing be happy to find themselves in Disposable!" said Comb, breaking into sobs. "It means our owners don't care about us!"

The chopsticks drooped a little at that—Things in the Land of the Lost seemed to become extra bendy, quite apart from having mouths and eyes and arms—and the panda eraser sighed.

"Now, that's not true, sir!" said Specs firmly. "If nobody cared about you, you'd have been shoved down the Waste Chute in Mislaid!"

"I th-thought I was special to him!" sobbed Comb, ignoring Specs and pulling a single black hair out from between his teeth. "We've been together for y-years . . . I thought h-he cared!"

"Come on now, friend, buck up," said the sheriff gently. "We cheap, old Things know how it is. Nobody's heart broke when we disappeared. We're easy to replace. But that doesn't make us worthless, no sirree!" continued Specs. "There's still hope—lots of it! Why, any of you might be found at any moment!"

"I've never even been used," said Battery, looking glum. "You'd think I'd be worth more to the family than this. It's Christmas, after all. I thought I'd have a job for life inside the little girl's new remote-controlled car."

"Well, now you know, Battery!" wailed Comb. "You're worthless to them! We're *all* worthless!"

"What you need is a good night's sleep, sir!" said the sheriff, getting back onto his arms and inviting Comb to stand up, too. "Everything will seem better after you've rested. You hurry along to room number sixteen, now. Up the stairs, first on the right. Off you go, there's a good fellow."

Comb looked as though he'd like to argue, but at that moment, a horrible scream echoed down the street outside. Fingers, the gardening glove, stopped playing the piano. Specs, Scissors, and even Lunchy turned sharply in the direction of the Wastes.

"What was that?" squealed Comb.

"What happens on the Wastes is best ignored," said Scissors, who was now drinking his glass of lubricant beside the bar. "Just do as you're told and if you're lucky, you'll never find out what causes the screams."



ADJUSTMENTS

Once Comb had disappeared upstairs, Specs said, “Why don’t Fingers play us some Christmas carols, brighten things up?”

The gardening glove began to play “O Little Town of Bethlehem” but it didn’t really help. Jack could tell all the Things were still thinking—as he was—of the scream.

“Now,” Specs said to the remaining newcomers, “the rules here are simple. Just stay within the town limits—and keep cheerful! Never forget, at any minute you might be found—or Adjusted!”

“Adjusted?” repeated the Battery. “What does that mean?”

“It means your value Up There has changed,” said the sheriff. “Take your case, Battery. Nobody thinks they need you right now. But let’s say

they pull off the back of the little girl's remote-controlled car on Christmas Day and realize they haven't got enough batteries without you! That's when you become much more important to them. They'll start looking for you harder, and while they're looking, you'll be moved to Bother-It's-Gone—that's the next town—because you've become that much more important to your owners. In Bother-It's-Gone, you get your own little house, maybe even with a garden! But if you end up staying in Disposable forever, folks, then I hope you'll help me make this the happiest, most vibrant town in the Land of the Lost!"

Jack now felt certain DP must be in Bother-It's-Gone. They needed to get out of Disposable as quickly as possible and head there instead.

"All righty, let's get you all bedded down for the night," said Specs. "I'm afraid some of you will need to share a room, because we're a little cramped in Disposable—"

"Nobody's as cramped as me!" said a wheezy, echoing voice. Everyone looked around to see who'd spoken, but there wasn't anyone else in the bar.

"That you, Haley?" said Specs, grinning in the direction of the lunch box, who looked very embarrassed.

"Yes!" said the wheezy voice, which Jack now realized was coming from inside the tin box. "Can't I come out for a bit? *Please?* It's so dark in here, and it smells of egg sandwich!"

"No!" snapped Scissors from the bar. "You stay put! Things that are lost inside Things that are lost must stay lost in the Things that were lost. That's the law!"

Jack looked at the Christmas Pig, but he didn't seem to have understood this any more than Jack had.

"But it's horrible in here!" wailed the voice.

"It won't be forever!" the lunch box told her tummy.

"Ha!" said Scissors, with a cruel smile. "Don't kid yourself. There's probably a nice new lunch box waiting under the Christmas tree for your owner right now. Pink, with unicorns on the lid, I 'spect. You think she'll bother looking for an old tin like you, once she's got something nice and new and plastic?"

With a sob, Lunch Box jumped off the two chairs and clattered away up the stairs toward the bedrooms, while the wheezy voice inside her said, "Ouch! Ouch! You're shaking me around!"

"That warn't kind, Scissors," said Specs in a low voice.

"Kind?" spat Scissors. "It's the truth. Things need to know their place. That's how we all stay out of trouble."

He poured the last drops of lubricant over the screw holding him together, then stalked out of the bar on his sharp points, into the swirling snow.

Specs sighed, then told each new Thing which number room they were to sleep in. One by one the Things headed up the stairs, until only Jack and the Christmas Pig were left.

Now Specs seemed to notice them for the first time.

"We don't usually get things as new as you in Disposable," he said, looking curiously at the Christmas Pig. "What's your story, Pig?"

"Oh, we were lost together," said the Christmas Pig. "We both fell out of our boy's pocket."

"What kind of boy wouldn't look for two fine toys like yourselves?" asked the sheriff, peering from the Christmas Pig to Jack. "What are you, anyway?" he asked, staring into Jack's face.

"I'm an action figure," said Jack. "Pajama Boy, with the power of sleep and dreams. I've got my own cartoon," he added, to make himself more important.

"Your own cartoon, you say?" said Specs, still gazing at Jack. "Well, well. Remarkable detailing. So you both fell out of your owner's pocket?"

"Our owner's a very spoiled boy," said the Christmas Pig. "He doesn't care about his toys, because he's got so many. As far as he's concerned, one stuffed pig is very much like another stuffed pig, one action figure much like the next. He's even been known to throw his Things around and stamp on them," the Christmas Pig added, with half a glance at Jack, who scowled.

"Dearie me, I've heard there are such children," said Specs sadly. "Back in my day, children had fewer toys and treasured them. We'd never have seen such fine specimens as yourselves here in olden times.

"Let me walk you up to your room," Specs went on. "You won't mind sharing, since you know each other already?"

He led them upstairs, and then along a dark, windowless upstairs corridor with numbered doors on either side. As they passed number twenty-three, the door opened a crack and the tin lunch box peered out.

"Am I being Adjusted?" she whispered.

"Don't look like it, Lunchy," said Specs. "We normally hear about Adjustments earlier in the day than this."

The lunch box sighed and closed her door again.

"Poor Thing," said Specs quietly as they walked on down the corridor. "Finding it hard to settle in."

"Sheriff Specs," said Jack suddenly—he had to make absolutely sure that DP wasn't here, so he ignored the warning look the Christmas Pig was giving him—"have you seen another toy pig here in Disposable? He's around the same height as this pig, but he's got buttons for eyes and his ears are lopsided."

"A pig with button eyes and lopsided ears?" said Specs, pausing in the darkness to peer at Jack again. "No, son, I can't say I've seen any pig matching that description."

Jack was disappointed but not really surprised. Specs pushed open the creaking door of bedroom twenty.

"Sleep well, fellas," he said.

But he gave Jack a very suspicious look as he closed the door behind him.



THE PLAN

The moment Specs had gone, the Christmas Pig rounded on Jack.
“What did you ask him about DP for?”

“Because that’s why we’re here—to find him!” said Jack.

“Isn’t it obvious he can’t be in Disposable? Why would you draw attention to us like that? And what was all that about having your own cartoon?” the Christmas Pig added angrily.

“Well, Pajama Boy’s a stupid name,” said Jack, just as crossly, “and there has to be a reason a factory made an action figure. Why would anyone make a plastic boy in pajamas?”

“I only hope Specs doesn’t tip off the Loser that there’s an action figure around here who’s acting a lot like a living boy who’s lost a cuddly

pig!" said the Christmas Pig. "If the Loss Adjusters start asking other toys whether they've ever heard of Pajama Boy and his cartoon, we're really going to be in trouble. We mustn't do *anything else* to draw suspicion to ourselves while we're thinking up a plan."

As Jack couldn't think of a good retort to this, he sat down on the double bed, which made the mattress springs creak, and looked around. The room was lit by a single candle, and the wallpaper was peeling. Cobwebs stretched across the finding hole in the ceiling. Clearly, nobody had been found in this room for a very long time. Meanwhile, the Christmas Pig had moved to the cracked window, and was staring down into the snowy street.

Jack was far too worried about DP to sleep, so after a while, he got up and joined the Christmas Pig at the window. Snow was still falling thickly into the dark street outside. Scissors and the horses were gone.

"Christmas Pig?" said Jack, after a long stretch of silence.

"Hm?" said the Christmas Pig.

"What does 'Alivening' mean? Is it like the waking up you told me about?"

"That's it," said the Christmas Pig, still looking down into the dark snowy street.

"And it happens when human feelings rub off on Things?"

"It's not really rubbing off," said the Christmas Pig. "The feelings come *inside* us. Alivening is what changes us from fabric and beans and fluff, or metal and wood and plastic, into . . . something more. It can take a Thing years to be fully Alivened—but sometimes it comes all at once. That's the way it happened to me, today, in the toy shop. Holly and your grandpa were discussing which pig to take home to you, and when they chose me, I was Alivened. That's when I began to mean something. The Alivening is when we truly understand what we were made to do."

"Is that why you want to belong to Holly?" asked Jack. "Because she chose you?"

"Yes," said the Christmas Pig, after a little hesitation. "That's wh—"

But just then, noises in the street below made them both peer back out of the window.

"Someone's coming!" said Jack, scared. He could see more black hats at the end of the street. Were they coming to find the Thing that shouldn't be here?

Three new Loss Adjusters—a razor, a chisel, and a penknife—were coming down the street, each of them driving a funny-looking sledge or carriage: an old slipper pulled by a clockwork mouse, a shoebox dragged by a fuzzy toy dog, and a wooden cart with wheels, which was being pulled along by two elephant ornaments, one made of marble and one of brass. Three passengers—a bus pass, a key, and a passport—sat in each of the vehicles, behind the Loss Adjuster who was driving. As Jack and the Christmas Pig watched, the carriages stopped beneath the lantern outside the saloon, and Sheriff Specs came bustling out onto the street to greet them.

Slowly and carefully, the Christmas Pig opened the window. It gave a little squeak, but fortunately, the new arrivals were making too much noise down below to hear it, and now Jack and the Christmas Pig were able to hear what Specs and the Loss Adjusters were saying.

"Howdy, friends!" cried Specs. "I was expecting you an hour ago!"

"We got held up—there's a new checkpoint," said the penknife, who wore a furry black hat. "Haven't you heard? Seems there's a Thing down here that *shouldn't be in the Land of the Lost at all*."

"Shiver my screws, you don't say?" gasped Specs. "When's the last time *that* happened?"

"I can't recall it *ever* happening," said Penknife. "You seen any Thing acting oddly, Specs?"

"Well, now," said Specs slowly. "Funny you should say that . . . I was just talking to a pair of toys who I thought was acting a mite oddly."

Jack and the Christmas Pig exchanged frightened glances.

"Then you'd better contact Captures, at once," said Penknife sternly. "The Loser'll eat you as well as them, if it turns out they're the Things that shouldn't be here. Anyway—here you are. Three new citizens for Disposable, from Bother-It's-Gone. Oy, you three!" he shouted rudely at the passengers sitting in the vehicles. "Out!"

"Now, now," said Specs as the bus pass, key, and passport all climbed down into the street, where they stood huddled together, looking miserable. "There's no need to treat 'em rough, just because they've been Adjusted."

"I'm in a hurry," snapped Penknife. "It's the usual story for these three. They've all been replaced Up There, so the trouble they caused is over. But I've got an order to Adjust three of yours. Here—" He handed Specs his list.

"Pokey," Specs read out loud. "Hm, I had a hunch she wouldn't be with us long. Fingers—oh dear," said Specs sadly, "we'll miss her at the piano. And—bless my nose pads—Lunchy, too?"

"The mum's realized her little girl's lost inhaler is inside her," said Penknife. "The girl's got asthma. The mum's keen to find that lunch box, now."

Jack suddenly gripped the Christmas Pig's soft arm.

"What?" whispered the pig.

"We could hide inside Lunch Box, and go to the next town!"

"What if they make Lunch Box open, at the checkpoint?" said the Christmas Pig.

"I—I don't know," Jack admitted, frightened at the prospect, "but what if Specs reports us to Captures?"

The Christmas Pig thought for a few seconds, his snout crinkled up, then said, "All right—but leave the talking to me, and *don't* mention having a cartoon! Take the blanket off that bed," he added, "it's cold out there. I told you, you should have put on something warmer."

"I'm fine," snapped Jack, but when the Christmas Pig had turned his back, Jack sneaked the blanket off the bed and followed.



LUNCH BOX

Jack and the Christmas Pig crept out of their room and back along the dark corridor, the pig holding his belly tight to muffle the sound of his beans, until they reached door number twenty-three. Jack knocked softly, and the old tin lunch box opened it.

“D’you mind if we come in?” asked the Christmas Pig.

“Not at all,” Lunch Box said politely, though she sounded surprised.

Lunch Box’s room was quite as dark and shabby as the one they’d left, and even smaller. It looked over the back of the saloon, across the many low wooden houses of Disposable. Snow was still falling heavily past the window.

“Good news!” the Christmas Pig told Lunch Box. “The Adjusters have just arrived. If you can prove you’ve got an inhaler inside you, they’re going to take you out of Disposable!”

“Well, of course I can prove it!” cried Lunch Box joyfully and she let her lid fall open. Sure enough, inside sat a glum-looking inhaler, who said in a wheezy voice, “If *I’m* the reason we’re being Adjusted, why can’t I—”

But she didn’t finish her question, because the Christmas Pig had just jumped into the lunch box beside her and covered her mouth with his trotters. Jack squeezed inside, too. It was very cramped, and he could smell the egg sandwiches.

“That’s *extremely* rude!” said Lunch Box’s shocked voice from above them. “You can’t just walk in without an invitation!”

“Shut your lid!” said the Christmas Pig fiercely. “Or we’ll tell them you offered to smuggle us to the next town, and you’ll be chucked out onto the Wastes for helping Surplus!”

“Get out! Get out!” cried the lunch box, jumping up and down as she tried to dislodge them, but Jack and the Christmas Pig clung on. “I’ll tell them you jumped in and tried to *make* me smuggle you!”

“It’ll be our word against yours!” said the Christmas Pig. “And what’s more, if you don’t help us, my action figure friend here will break this inhaler, and if the inhaler’s broken, you’ll *never* be Adjusted! Pajama Boy’s got remarkably fine fingers, you know! Perfect for breaking Things!”

Even though the whole idea of getting inside the lunch box had been Jack’s, he now felt both frightened and guilty. He couldn’t help feeling sorry for the lunch box and he *definitely* didn’t want to break the inhaler. He was also shocked at how mean the Christmas Pig was being to these